Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. *Gent.* Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetely in my sence.

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! whats heere, a Coarse?

2. *Gen.* Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land,
I King Pericles hath lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who findes her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King,
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charity.

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent*, Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how fresh she lookes.
They were too rough, that, threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on nature many howres.
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits,
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered,

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The

The rough and wofull m
Cause it to sound I beseec
The Viall once more; ho
The musicke there: I pray
Gentlemen, this Queen
Nature awakes a warme
She hath not bene entran
See how she gins to blow

1. *Gen.* The heauens th
And sets vp your fame so

Cer. She is aliue, beho
Cases to those heauenly i
Begin to part their fringe
The Diamonds of a most
To make the world twic
To heare your fate, faire c

Thai, O deare *Diana*,
What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this stra

1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush (my gentle
To the next chamder bea
Now this matter must b
Is mortall: come, come, a

They carrie her

Enter Pericles at Th

Per. Most honoud *Cle*
My twelue months are e
In a peace: you and you
All thankfulnesse, The G
Cleon. Your shakes of for
Mortally, yet glance full

Dion. O your sweete
You had brought her hit

Per. We cannot but obe